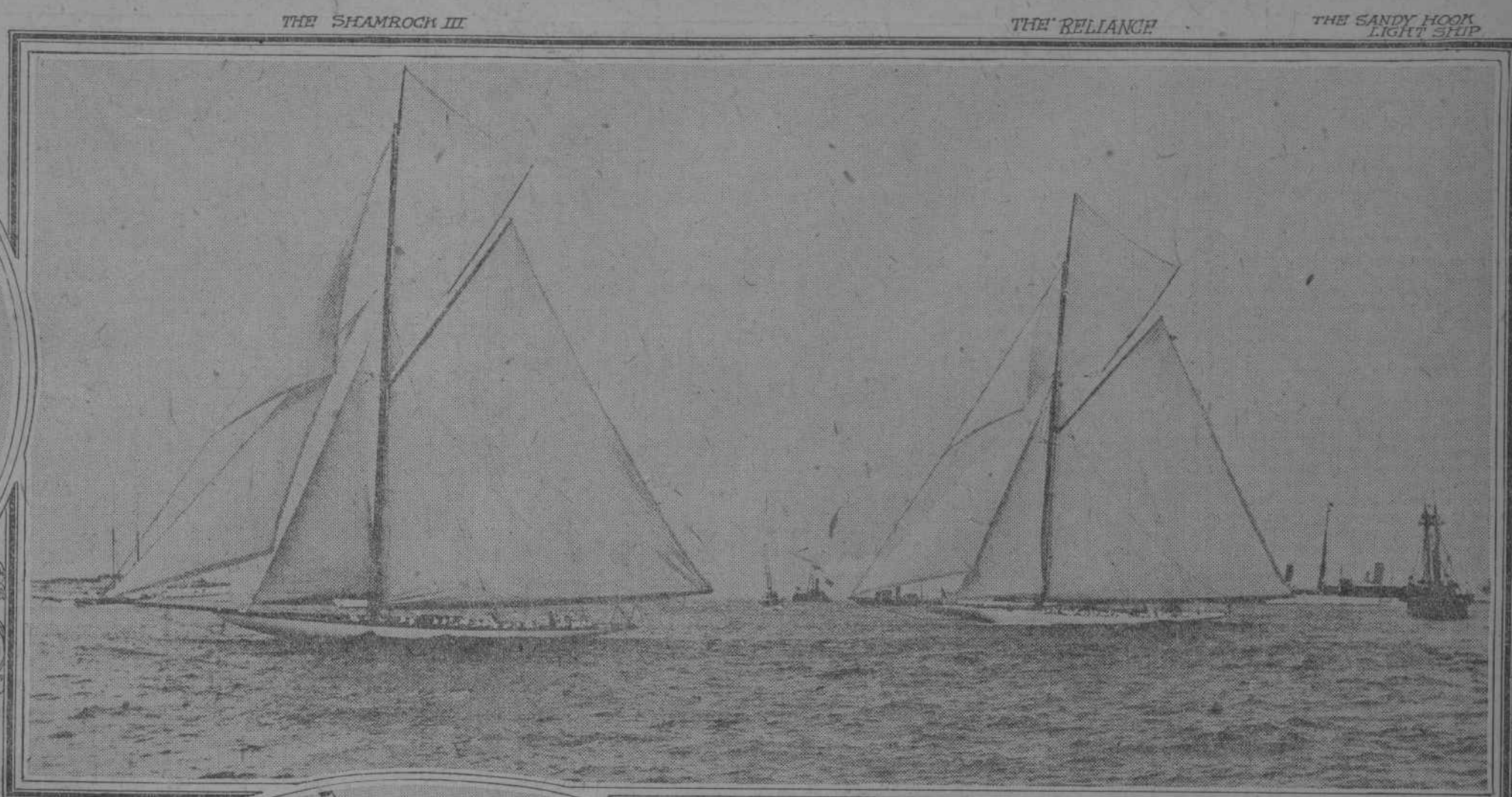


# FIRST RACE ENDS IN A FLUKE, WITH THE RELIANCE FAR AHEAD



THE RELIANCE  
ROUNDING OUTER  
MARK



THE SHAMROCK III

THE RELIANCE

THE SANDY HOOK  
LIGHT SHIP

PHOTOGRAPHED IMMEDIATELY AFTER CROSSING THE LINE.  
AT THE START  
PHOTO COPYRIGHT 1903 BY JAMES BURTON.

## TURKEY CONCEDES PARKS ON STAND ALL TO RUSSIA HURLS HIS DENIALS

Accepts All Her Demands and Asks for Withdrawal of Squadron from Coast.

Unflinching for Hours  
Accused Labor Leader  
Proclaims Ignorance of  
Extortion Charges.

SHIPS ARRIVE  
AT INIADA BAY

HE RECEIVED ONE  
CHECK FOR \$2,000

Powers Exchange Notes on  
Macedonia and Consider  
Steps to Stop Revolt.

Witness Says He Never Before  
Saw Those Who Assert They  
Gave Him Money.

INTERVENTION IS LIKELY

ADMISSIONS BY FARLEY

Speculation as to Whether United  
States Will Join in Naval  
Demonstration.

Walking Delegate Tells of Getting  
Check Cashed Made Payable  
to "Sam" Parks.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Thursday. — Tewfik Pasha, the Turkish Foreign Minister, on Tuesday visited the Russian Ambassador, notified him that the Turkish government accepted all the Russian demands and begged that the Russian squadron be withdrawn from Turkish waters.

The Russian squadron arrived off Inia-da, on the eastern coast of European Turkey, yesterday afternoon.

The news that the Russian squadron was expected spread notwithstanding the continued suppression of all telegrams and announcements on the subject.

The general opinion of the Europeans here is that the time has arrived for a vigorous intervention and the abandonment of all semi-measures, which are regarded as the cause of the present rising.

According to the Turkish official reports the strongest positions of the insurgents are at Krushevo, Merihoro and Florina. Contrary to previous reports it is now stated officially that Krushevo is still occupied by the insurgents.

The headquarters of the revolutionists are in the Peristeri Mountains, in the vicinity of Monastir. Women and children are not molested by the insurgents, who have destroyed only fortified dwellings occupied by rich Turks. It is not denied that they kill all Bulgarians and Greeks found acting as Turkish spies, but the strictest orders have been issued not to interfere with women or children.

All Riza Pasha, former Vail of Monastir, who was removed owing to the assassination there of the Russian Consul, M. Rostkowski, has arrived at Tripoli in exile, accompanied by his family.

## POWERS CONSIDER INTERVENTION

New Plan to Stop Revolt in Macedonia Said To Be Subject of Exchange of Notes.

LONDON, Thursday. — It is learned that important negotiations are in progress between the Powers which promise to result in the early adoption of a new plan for the settlement of the Macedonian trouble. A Foreign Office official said this afternoon:—

"It is somewhat premature to say that a definite agreement on the subject has already been reached, as stated by the Independent Belge, of Brussels, but notes are being exchanged in this direction."

In other quarters it was intimated that the scheme was partly on the lines suggested by the Belgian newspaper.

There is no doubt that an agreement of some kind has been reached, as at the beginning of the negotiations the Powers started with the general purpose of co-operating, and this harmony has continued.

BRITISH SHIPS NOT SENT.

The Admiralty today denied the Daily Chronicle's statement that Admiral Doolittle, commanding the British Mediterranean

Under oath yesterday in the Court of General Sessions Samuel J. Parks, walking delegate, on trial on an indictment for extortion, coolly, deliberately, but emphatically, denied that he had ever seen until his trial began Josephus Plenty, who has sworn that he gave the accused \$200 to settle a strike.

In the same manner, confronted by three men who have sworn that they also gave him money to adjust labor difficulties, he swore he had never seen any of them. In a rigid cross-examination lasting nearly four hours Parks did not once vary in any important point from his original testimony.

He denied that he had ever received cash for settling a strike, but admitted that once he had accepted a check for \$2,000 after a strike had been settled.

When he left the stand he was succeeded by Henry Farley, another walking delegate, who corroborated his testimony so far as the denial of meeting Plenty on the afternoon of December 19 was concerned.

But there was much in Farley's testimony which gave joy to Assistant District Attorney Rand, trying the case, and that was when Farley admitted that he had met Plenty on that afternoon and had actually had the two hundred dollar check cashed for him in the manner described by the complainant. The reason Farley gave for all this was a sudden friendliness growing out of an accidental meeting in an east side saloon. Before he left the stand Farley had reluctantly admitted that he had deserted from the British army and had also been dismissed from the New York police force.

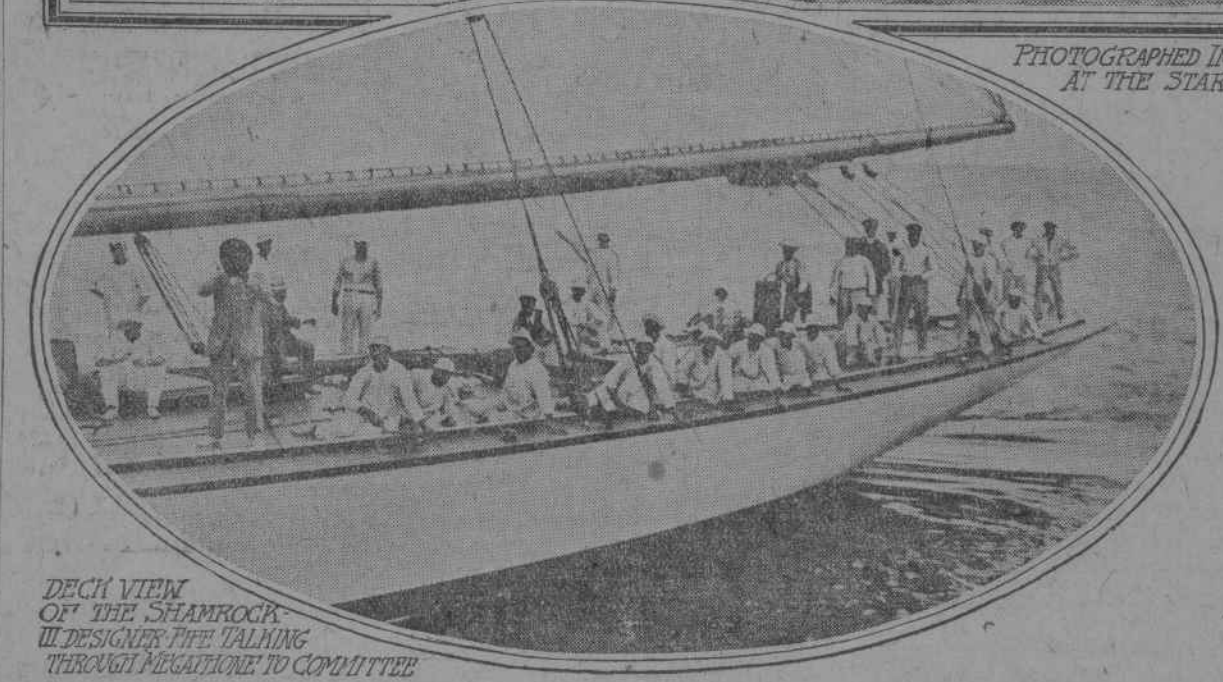
Wrangles Between Counsel.

Absolute denial is Parks' defense to the charge that he extorted \$200 from the skylight manufacturer, agreeing for that sum that non-union men might work in harmony with union men. The case developed slowly yesterday, for almost every step of the way was interrupted by objections on the part of the defense. For hours at a time, Joseph P. Eustace never sat down, so rapidly did he interpose his protests to the methods of Mr. Rand. Wrangles were innumerable and several times the Recorder lost patience. Once he offered to have the stenographer put on record that the defendant objected to everything on every conceivable ground, and to this there were objection and exception.

More than once the Court was compelled to threaten to clear the room of spectators at the exclamations of Parks' adherents over some point in the testimony or some statement of counsel. So slowly is the case proceeding that whereas it was the hope on Monday to finish by Wednesday night, it is not expected now that there will be an end until some time next week.

When court opened yesterday morning Joseph P. Eustace made an earnest

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DECK VIEW  
OF THE SHAMROCK  
III DESIGNING THE TALKING  
THROUGH NEGOTIATIONS TO COMMITTEE

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CUP RACERS OFF SANDY HOOK.

## BOOKMAKERS' JOKE MISSING HUSBAND COST THEM \$5,400 HELD FOR REWARD

Their Friend, Mayor Granger, of Louisville, Had "Easy Money," and Kept It.

"YOUNG CORBETT" WINS

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]  
SARATOGA, N. Y., Thursday. — It cost three bookmakers collectively \$5,400 to have a bit of fun with Mayor Granger, of Louisville, Ky. They had their joke, but they paid for it, and a little later the appreciation was all with their victim.

Mayor Granger, "Charley" his intimate friends—and all Kentuckians are his intimate friends—call him, loves the thoroughbred simply because he cannot help it.

He knows horses as he knows politics, and that is thoroughly. It is not often that he makes a bet on a race, being perfectly contented to watch a contest of speed merely for the pleasure of seeing good horses in action. But occasionally his sporting blood warms up and he makes a small wager on the horse he believes should win. The odds are never considered by him.

Before the first race here today Mayor Granger went into the paddock and watched the stable employees preparing the horses for the track. W. C. Whitney's Leonora Loring was regarded as a sure thing for the race, but the Mayor of Louisville did not like the looks of the filly.

Colours, the second choice in the betting, did not suit the fancy of the Kentuckian. He thought the Duke of Kendal appeared to be just a trifle high in flesh.

That left only Futurita, from the stable of James R. Keene, and Mayor Granger concluded that the three-year-old daughter of Ills Highness should be returned the winner.

Making a quick trip to the betting ring, Mayor Granger approached an acquaintance of his who is making a book, and with him made a fair sized wager on Futurita, accepting the odds of 20 to 1, which were then on offer. A short distance away was another acquaintance of Louisville's Mayor, who called to him:—

"Here, Charley, I want some of that easy money of yours. I will lay you 25 to 1 that Futurita does not win."

Mayor Granger accepted the offer, doubting the wager made before. In doing this he attracted the attention of still a third acquaintance, who promptly posted \$30 to back Futurita, and then waited for developments. Futurita won.

"Young Corbett," the featherweight champion of the world, also had great confidence in Gold Saint. He regarded the colt as the best thing he had ever known, and he begged his manager, John Considine, to bet on it. Mr. Considine liked something else and would not listen to "Corbett," who bet every dollar he had in his pocket on Gold Saint, announcing that he would be willing to walk home if the colt lost. He won about \$1,800 on the race.

"Pittsburg Phil" had one of his very worst days. He did not win a bet, and his losses must have amounted to a considerable fortune. He plunged on Longspur to win the last race, hoping to get even in that way. His money carried Longspur's odds down from 15 to 1 to 5 to 1. Phil also bet heavily on the colt for the place, but nothing for the third position. Longspur ran third and the bookmakers were triumphant.

plainly be heard from the Bulgarian frontier. The villages reported in flames are quite near Inia Bay. Vasilko is on the coast about twenty miles north of Inia Bay, and five miles from the point where the Bulgarian frontier touches the Black Sea.

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## MISSING HUSBAND HELD FOR REWARD

This the Fear of Mrs. Pfrommer of Louisville, Had "Easy Money," and Kept It.

"YOUNG CORBETT" WINS

Under the belief that he is ill in some out of the way place known to a few persons only or else is held for ransom, the police of New York and neighboring cities of New Jersey yesterday began a systematic search for John M. Pfrommer, a salesman of Irvington, N. J., who disappeared on August 11.

For the first time since the man left his home without a word of warning, his family got indirect word of him yesterday morning. That was when a well dressed man, with a noticeable diamond on his left finger, appeared at Pfrommer's home, bearing a card on which was Pfrommer's name.

When the Pfrommer family or friends saw fit to offer a substantial reward for the return of the salesman they might see him again, the stranger said. He had made good his escape before the astonished wife of the missing man could recover her presence of mind.

Pfrommer, who is twenty-eight years old, lived with his wife in Lyons avenue, Irvington. He is well known in New Jersey and in his younger days held many important records as a sprinter and all around athlete. He is a travelling salesman employed by the wholesale grocery firm of Wilkinson, Gaddis & Co., of Newark, beginning as an office boy and was absolutely trusted by his employers.

From his customers on his route, and from his employers, he made collections of large sums of money. There was never any display made of this. All say the man was temperate.

Mr. Pfrommer returned to his home from a business trip on the evening of August 10. He had with him then \$900 in cash and \$100 in checks, drawn to the order of his wife. The next morning he was gone, leaving his family good by and apparently in the best of spirits, started for Newark. He never arrived there. So far as can be learned he did not leave Irvington by trolley or train, and not a livery stable proprietor can be found who rented him a conveyance. Some friends saw him turn a corner as if going toward a train. That is all.

When his husband did not return Mrs. Pfrommer soon learned from his employers that he had not reported for work, and thinking he had met with an accident, the police of neighboring towns were notified.

Every hospital within fifty miles was searched, public institutions of all kinds were visited, accident reports were gone over, but in none of them did any person corresponding to his description appear.

Neither Mrs. Pfrommer nor her husband's employers went on any other theory than accident in their search. Absolute confidence in the man was held and no sides. So far as his employers were concerned they scout the idea of flight because of a visit. Some friends saw him turn a corner as if going toward a train. That is all.

This was the belief until yesterday, when the stranger appeared at the Pfrommer home. When Mrs. Pfrommer saw the card she said:—

"Why, that's John's handwriting. Where did you get it?"

The man reached over and took the paper from her hand.

"No, it is not, but it is to show you that I know what I am talking about. By the way," he continued coolly, "is there any reward offered to the persons who will bring your husband back or tell you where he is?"

Mrs. Pfrommer, mystified, shook her head.

"Well, when you do offer a reward," said the stranger, "you may learn something about it." He then walked swiftly away.

## A. C. OWEN IN JAIL, FORGERY CHARGED

Dismissed Naval Officer Accused of Signing Name of S. B. Elkins, Jr.

"YOUNG CORBETT" WINS

IS TAKEN FROM A HOTEL

Alfred Crosby Owen, until recently a member of the Metropolitan and other exclusive Washington clubs, a grandson of the late Rear Admiral W. W. Queen, and who was court martialled and dismissed from the navy in December last, is locked up at Police Headquarters charged with forging the name of Stephen B. Elkins, Jr., to two checks.

Mr. Owen, who was a lieutenant in the navy, arrived in this city on Monday and went to the Waldorf-Astoria. He informed Mr. Little, the assistant manager of the hotel, that he had just come from Philadelphia in his private car, and wanted a check cashed. The check was drawn on the Elkins National Bank, of Elkins, W. Va., where Senator Elkins has his home. It was for \$50 and purported to be signed by Stephen B. Elkins, Jr. According to Mr. Little, Mr. Owen said that he was Mr. Elkins.

Mr. Little said last night that he refused to cash the check, but Central Office detectives who made the arrest said that Mr. Owen got the check cashed at the Waldorf, and that it was on complaint of the Waldorf management that the arrest was made.

Mr. Owen was arrested at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he is said to have cashed a check for \$5. This was also drawn on the Elkins bank, and was signed with the name of Stephen B. Elkins, Jr. House Detective George Smith, of the Waldorf-Astoria, pointed out Mr. Owen to Central Office Detectives Flannely and Cain, who made the arrest. They took their prisoner to Jefferson Market Police Court, where he was remanded to Police Headquarters for twenty-four hours, in order that other complaints against him might be looked up.

According to the police, a young man answering Mr. Owen's description has been travelling extensively in the West, hiring private cars, spending money lavishly and personating Stephen B. Elkins, Jr.

A despatch from Chicago stated that Senator Stephen B. Elkins arrived there a few days ago from San Francisco, and discovered that some one had been hiring special cars in the name of Stephen B. Elkins, Jr., and that the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern and other railroads had been imposed upon.

Mr. Owen, at Police Headquarters, denied the charges.

A despatch to the HERALD from Washington last night stated that Alfred Crosby Owen is a grandson of the late Rear Admiral Queen, a son of Dr. Owen, late surgeon in the navy, who died from yellow fever during an epidemic at Pensacola, Fla. He is well known in Washington, and was until recently a member of the exclusive Metropolitan Club.

If you cannot attend the Cup Races keep your eye on the Broadway bulletin service of the EVENING TELEGRAM. It will have unique features this year, but will duplicate its old time triumphs for speed and accuracy.

## Mile and a Half Astern, Challenger Is Outsailed

The Shamrock III. Fails to Make Good the Claim of Her Friends That She Is, First of All, Fitted to Baffle the Lightest Airs.

SMOTHERED BY DEFENDER FROM FIRST TO LAST

Getting the Better of the Start, Captain Barr Does His Work Well, and When the Contest Is Abandoned Has Gained Thirteen Minutes.

FROM out of the roar of whistles and tumult of voices which yesterday greeted the fine though inconclusive triumph of the Reliance over the Shamrock III, there seemed to arise a strident call asking what the fourth Shamrock will look like.

True, it was an unfinished race, and true, also, the ancient proverb that it requires more than one swallow to make a summer; but in the opinion of those who followed the spectacular event it needs no more races to demonstrate the vast superiority of the Reliance over the Shamrock III.

The contest was under conditions which are popularly supposed to peculiarly favor the challenger, but if she is extraordinarily good in windward work she failed to show it in her effort to beat out to the weather mark, quitting soon after the defender had rounded that point and cutting a full mile and a half astern of that vessel in point of distance, and in the light airs which then obtained at least thirteen minutes behind in point of time.

Believe the Cup Safe.

What boots it, then, this puny time allowance of one minute and fifty-seven seconds, the many ask? Even maintaining the lead that she had gained on the long, toilsome beat out, it was asserted that the Reliance would have been able to give her handicap five times over to the Shamrock and still have shown a clean pair of heels to that vessel at the finish.

The course was the usual one of the cup contest series—a fifteen mile beat out and a run back to the starting line. And, still, as usual, the vagrant wind shifted so as to make the homeward leg a broad reach instead of a run. But no use discussing that, as the race was off before it could be essayed.

The weather was unsatisfactory in other directions—gloomy skies, wind light and fluky, a dirty sea and spilling rain squalls. The start was set at eleven o'clock in the morning from the Sandy Hook lightship, and to the scene there fared one of the biggest fleets that ever bore throngs of yachting enthusiasts to a cup event—a vast concourse of vessels which reached the lightship singly, in pairs, in squadrons and divisions, all eager to obtain a glimpse of the fine racer which had challenged for the cup and of the superb champion which had been selected to defend the trophy.

Crowds Watch the Start.

The flotilla represented in itself almost everything that ever went afloat—fifty light pleasure boats, yachts of substance and yachts showing all the consequence of wealth in their bravery of rich embellishment, ocean steamships turned aside from their regular callings to be excursion vessels for the nonce, harbor steamers of low dignity and crowded decks, revenue cutters stiffly important and weighed with a consciousness of being in themselves an example and a law.

The earlier arrivals reached the lightship as the renowned rivals drew near that point, and those aboard them were forthwith much perplexed to distinguish one from the other. The initiated readily picked out the Shamrock III, whose bone white hull is belted round with two narrow bands of green—becoming colors for her particular type of beauty. The defender's loftier rig was apparent, too, the moment one's attention was called to her towering spars and long reach of boom and gaff; but so far as judging of speed from appearance went, all felt that if it were needful to make a choice that choice must be governed by liking more than by looks.

Circling for the Battle.

There was something intensely feminine in the appearance of these two high bred beauties, as with eager punctuality they came hurrying to the scene of conflict—the graceful challenger trim in her own neat fitting suit of Ratsey cut, and cying askance the more stately splendor of the champion, regal in her shimmering splendor of Sea Island cloth. It was their first meeting and both looked as if they were in need of an introduction. Then came

From Out the Mist.

Fog and squall went on their way, and out of the white mist two white things came, and there was an eager straining of blurred glasses to see which was which and which of the two had the lead. A moment's swinging of shadowy shapes through the lens and then words of triumph from the Reliance adherents. "Still in the lead!" they shouted to each other, and a good fair lead it was. The sea was then fluky, with a troublesome swell from the southwest. Never before had the defender encountered such conditions of weather—not even in that tumble off Newport, where she had reached the summit of her sovereignty. And there were mis-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.)

## Towns Burning Near Iniada Bay

Villages in Flames Not Far from Anchorage of Russian Vessels and Sound of Cannonading Can Be Heard from Bulgarian Frontier.

SOFIA, Thursday. — A despatch from Burgas to the Autonomy, says the town of Vasilko, thirty miles south of Burgas, and the villages of Drunkol and Poturnakovo, are in flames, and the sound of cannon can

plainly be heard from the Bulgarian frontier. The villages reported in flames are quite near Iniada Bay. Vasilko is on the coast about twenty miles north of Inia Bay, and five miles from the point where the Bulgarian frontier touches the Black Sea.